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CAMARALZAMAN:

A Fairy Drama.

BY

G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"DARNLEY," "DE L'ORME,"

ETC. ETC.

"From the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd."

MILTON.

LONDON:
CHARLES OLLIER,
SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.
1848.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

PREFACE.

THE following little drama was written for pleasure, not for profit. The author might have some share of that ambition which has led so many persons to try dramatic poetry, whether qualified for the task or not; but his motive in perpetrating this literary sin was more to fill up pleasantly some vacant hours than to win renown.

There are excellent folk amongst the public who will not believe this, and who will ask, reasonably enough, "How *can* Mr. James have vacant hours when he writes so much? Has he not published this very year, &c. &c. &c.?"

Nevertheless, such is the case, I do assure the gentlemen; and, except when driven by dire

necessity—when some publisher's rod is lying heavy on my shoulders, or an action for breach of contract looms like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, I *have* some leisure time in the day. Not that I mean to say there is exact verity in a wonderfully amusing account of my habits, published some years ago in France, where the author declares: "*l'àpres-midi il se livre aux plaisirs de la chasse avec ses amis;*" for I certainly neither hunt nor shoot every day of the year: I wish I could. I certainly do sometimes take a gun in my hand, and sometimes, to use our fine vernacular, "get on the *out*side of my horse," (I have never heard of any one since Agamemnon's days who has tried the *in*side); but still there are times and seasons when the law prevents our seeking field-sports, and the weather gives us a hint to stay at home. It was at such moments, in the Spring of last year, that the following pages were written, when I found that playing at chess bored me—especially when I was beaten—and when the *cacoethes scribendi*, which has become chronic, was

strong upon me. That which amused my leisure hours then, may now amuse the leisure hours of a few others, and this is all the author expects or can gain from the work.

As to the drama, or poem, or whatever it ought to be called, very few words will suffice. It is founded upon a well-known tale in the "Arabian Nights," a good deal altered, it is true; but still the story is materially the same. Thus I give up all claim to invention. In the original tale much use is made of a certain geni called Danasch, and his assistance could not be dispensed with in the drama. Now, an evil geni I imagine to be neither more nor less than a devil; but unfortunately, in the original he is a very tame devil indeed. I have therefore remodelled him entirely, and made my own devil of him. Milton, Byron, and Göthe have had *their* devil, and I do not see why I—humble as I am—should not have mine. Nevertheless, I beg that no one will attribute to me the sentiments or thoughts put into his mouth; for though I have called him *my* devil, people

might just as well attribute to me the opinions of *my* horse, which, I am sorry to say, are sometimes very different from my own.

To speak seriously, however, I have here endeavoured to give one view of that many-sided and mysterious power of evil which is always so busy with the human heart; but at the same time I have not left its suggestions without, I trust, sufficient counteracting influence. Milton's Satan was more of a gentleman than a fiend: Byron's more of a philosopher. In Danasch I have attempted to indicate that subtle power which seems to sit in the human breast, suggesting doubts, and sneers, and levities, in opposition to conviction, conscience, and faith.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Male Mortals.

GAIOUR, *Emperor.*
SCHAHZAMAN, *King of the Isles of the Children of Khalidan.*
CAMARALZAMAN, *his Son.*
HASSAN, *Grand Vizier of the Isles of the Children of Khalidan.*
MARZAVAN, *Foster-Brother of the* PRINCESS BADOURA.
TWO MERCHANTS.
FISHERMEN.
PEASANTS.
CITIZENS.
COURTIERS.
A BLACK SLAVE.
SLAVES OF MARZAVAN.
EXECUTIONER.

Male Spirits.

EBLIS, *King of the Revolted Spirits.*
DANASCH, *a sneering Fiend.*
A DEFORMED GENI.
GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS.

Female Mortals.

BADOURA, *daughter of the Emperor Gaiour.*
HER NURSE.
A PEASANT GIRL, (Scene ii., Act ii.)
A PEASANT GIRL, (Scene ii., Act iii.)

Female Spirits.

MAIMOUNE, *a good Fairy.*
GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS.

SCENE.—*The Sky—The Hall of Eblis—South Asia.*

CAMARALZAMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The starry Heaven. Genii and Fairies hovering dimly in the obscure air. Towards the end of the scene the moon rises slowly, displaying in the distance below a palace and town by the side of a lake, surrounded by mountains; and, somewhat nearer, a solitary tower, with an illuminated window, and a few feathery trees.

CHORUS OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

HAIL, awful Night,
Queen of the shadowy world!
Day's banner bright
Before thy star-gemm'd flag is furled.

Wrapp'd in the deep
Primeval robe of all,
The stars shall sleep
Once more beneath thy dreary pall.

Sin, death, and night,
Awhile shall hold their reign;
Till conquering light
Shall all for evermore regain.

In endless day
Imperial night shall die;
Gloom pass away,
And light shall hold eternity.

CHORUS OF DARK SPIRITS.

Spirit, spirit! whither away?
Seek not thou the glowing west,
Whirling round the orb of day,
Thou wilt scorch thy filmy breast.

In the long, black shadow thrown
By the earth athwart the sky,
Night's dusky realm is all our own;
Here we live when all things die.

Or on fanning wings we skim
Across the path of some pale star,
While mortals, through their glasses dim,
Gaze and wonder what we are.

A VOICE, SINGING.

Dark spirits of evil,
Ye slaves of the devil,
In shadow and storm may delight;
In murk, mist, and sadness,
In crime and in madness,
In mildew and mould, and in blight.

Let me follow the ray
On the confines of day,
Forbidden, as yet, the full beam;
Or play with the morn,
When the day is just born,
And the future twelve hours are a dream.

HYMN OF WANDERING SPIRITS.

Maker of good and evil, night and day,
Veil'd in the blaze of everlasting light,
Not pathless through thy universe we stray,
Seeking the distant glory of thy sight.

All things direct us onward as we go,
With words of praise unto thy holy name;
Praise murmurs from the rivers as they flow,
And praise the trumpets of the blast proclaim.

The thunder-tongues of ocean shout with praise,
The mighty mountains lift their heads and sing;
Sun-tinctured flowers the dewy anthem raise,
And answering stars the morning incense bring.

The ancient woods, the moors, the rocks, the fields,
Find voices for still praise; the moving cloud,
Wing'd with the winds, its thankful tribute yields,
And changing seasons utter praise aloud.

Greatest and smallest, brightest and most dim,
Living, inanimate, whate'er their race,
Emmets and angels join the mighty hymn,
The grain of dust, and the eternal space.

Infinity, and all that in it lie,
Mightiest of mighty, weakest of most weak;
Immortal spirits, blossoms born to die,
All are thy works, and all thy glory speak.

Enter MAIMOUNE *and* DANASCH, *meeting.*

MAIMOUNE.

Shadow of evil thoughts, fold thy grey wing,
And stay thy weary journey through dim air!
Flight will avail thee little, battle less.
Bend down thy thunder-smitten head—put off
The mocking smile! Or, if thy heart be strong
To combat for the hideous power of ill,

Raise up thy spear; for, mighty in the right,
Here in the racking cloud prepared I stand
'Gainst thee and all thy gloomy race to fight.

DANASCH.

I am a very peaceful spirit. See!
I drop my lance's point; and bow the head
Before thy majesty of eyes and tongue.
I've no such weapons at command, and yield.
What wouldst thou, beautiful?

MAIMOUNE.

I pity thee!
The lightning's trace is still upon thy brow,
And hope lies dead within thine iron heart—
A corpse entomb'd. Yet has thy lip the sneer,
Thy tongue the jest,—as joking epitaphs
On dead men's sepulchres mock their dry bones.
Didst thou but grieve, Hope's life were not extinct.

DANASCH.

Why should I grieve where there is no redress?
The loss of hope is also loss of dread:
And therein lies some comfort.—I can laugh
At that which frightens fools, and find a joy—
Peculiar in its way, but still refreshing—
In sporting with edged tools, which cut the fingers
Of a less harden'd hand.

MAIMOUNE.

Jest not with me
On holy things, or I will hurl thee down
Into the depths of ocean; fetter thee
Amidst black rocks, slimy and dull, and set
The monsters of the sea to watch thy chain
Through the green, everlasting stillness, where
The waveless waters feel no passing wind.

DANASCH.

How pleasant were it, if, with Faith, sometimes
Twin-sister, Charity, would hunt in couples!
But Faith's a termagant who scolds all day
And beats her meek-eyed kindred out of doors.
No sooner seizes she upon a spirit,
Than she confiscates all its energies
To her own use. There is no difference
'Twixt you and me, but this same point of faith.
We're of the self-same race, together bred,
Companions in our youth. Then wherefore threaten?
'Tis true I love my freedom; and what time
The Hebrew king—he of the seal and cup,
Whose wisdom ended in idolatry—
Thron'd on the wingèd winds, and girt about
With fiery-sworded spirits, came abroad,
Compelling those who doubted to believe
What he denied at last—I fled, while you

Fought, fell, and swore obedience. Wandering
Round Limbo, midst unreal shades and dreams,
Chimeras, nightmares, jack-o'-lanterns, ghosts,
And visionary shapes, pale Rumour came,
And whisper'd in my ear the fall of those
Who, over-brave, had met the tyrant's force
In hostile arms; but I found consolation
In thinking his glad triumph would be short,
And that King Solomon might have to rue
So long an absence from his native shores,
With wives in dozens—concubines in scores.

MAIMOUNE.

Still scoffing in submission's guise at all
That is, or high or holy!

DANASCH.

Nay, not I.
What though I gently touch upon the theme
Of the great king's preponderance of ladies,
Moderate polygamy is no bad thing,
And great allowance must be made for station:
Not every soldier has a captain's ration.

MAIMOUNE.

Cease, Demon! tell me whence thou camest last?
What mischief thou hast done on earth? What
blood

Of cradled infant taints the air, where thou,
Revelling in misery, hast trod the cot?
What jealous pangs thou'st pour'd into the ear
Of happy love? What loathsome fantasies,
Thou hast implanted in the moody brain
Of some dishearten'd, solitary man?
What dark suspicion in the mind of kings
Against the honest and the true? What lies
To courtiers' oily tongue, or woman's smile,
Or politician's pen, hast thou supplied?
What wrath between two brothers, or two states,
Or between class and class, and man and man,
Inertly smould'ring in its dust, thou'st fann'd
Into consuming flame? What man of law,
Of all the many consort with thyself,
Thou'st aided, with devices new and strange,
To broadcast enmity in villages,
And fill the courts with subtlety and fraud?

DANASCH.

None, none! Of yore I held, and still opine,
A little mischief is not so unpleasant.
I do not think the very Seraphim
Would be right happy, if they dared not pluck
A feather from each other's wings at times.
They should be much obliged to our great chief,
For giving cause of thrashing us from Heaven;
Which—with all rev'rence be it spoken—

Were but a dull and sing-song sort of place,
Had not the devil stirr'd the waters.—Still
There is no need of much activity
Down on the earth there. Lawyers want no help:
Of their own business masters, and ours too.
Kings, courtiers, women, politicians, all
Need little teaching when their passions lead.
A wondrous deal of trouble Hell is spared
By man's own wit in finding ways to sin.

MAIMOUNE.

What didst thou, then, but now? When looking down—
As, mounted on a shooting star, I raced
Against a sun-like meteor through the sky,
Till blind and breathless with his headlong haste,
He dash'd his fiery brains out 'gainst a rock—
I saw thee steal forth from a golden palace,
Like a dull thief, with cautious eyes cast round
In search of witnesses—though man's blind race
Of thy transparent form no trace could see.
Not e'en a shadow on the wall informs
Thy luckless victim, that the body's pang,
Or the mind's anguish, has a cause beyond
All earthly cure—that a dark spirit pass'd.
Thus the first steps of sin, invisible,
Glide 'twixt the feeble soul and the life's light.

DANASCH.

'Tis very true!—The Devil himself, though real,
Is held by many to be pure ideal;
And they see through him, as they think, while he
Goes to his work by paths they cannot see—
I've known a rev'rend Doctor of Divinity,
Who in these tricks with him had some affinity,
Gliding opinions in, unseen by any,
Till he'd perverted, or converted many.

MAIMOUNE.

Subtlety, thou playest round the question!
Where hast thou been this night, what mischief done?

DANASCH.

None! more's the pity.—I've forgot the trade—
Abandon'd my vocation—left untill'd
That pleasant sin-garden the world; and lost
Ungarner'd a rich harvest of rare woes.
The spirit of all idleness is on me.

MAIMOUNE.

What spirit's that? Has a new devil
Been brought forth in hell.

DANASCH.

A common one
On earth is Idleness—but I mean Love.

MAIMOUNE, (*laughs.*)

Love! 'Tis thy converse. Devils are Love's foes.

DANASCH.

But sometimes slaves of admiration, too.
We know the glories and perceive the light,
Hate both, perhaps, yet wonder and admire;
And 'tis a part of that unpleasant feeling
Which sits upon our shoulders like a yoke,
To know that all is very good, and yet
Not good for us.—But never since the fall
Have I beheld, of dull compounded dust,
Kneaded to clay, well baked and glazed withal,
Painted with colours from the morning's eyes,
Streak'd with blue veins, and fashion'd like a woman,
So fair a thing as one within those walls
Whence I stole forth. I almost long to be
One of the pitiful small race of men,
Who crawl about beneath the waves of air
Like shell-fish on the rocks below the sea,
That I might love that loveliest of things.
Had such been Adam's look when Eblis saw him,
He ne'er had kick'd the clod and anger'd Heaven.
There is not such another piece of earth
Under the skies.

MAIMOUNE, (*with laughter.*)

Cease, idle spirit, cease!
That rushing comet has not run a mile
Since I beheld a prince to whom this girl
Is but as yon small speck of light, just seen
Twinkling by Sirius' side. Give me her name—
Her state—her fate.

(*Moon rises.*)

DANASCH, (*sings.*)

Oh, she's very lovely! If I had
But flesh, I think I'd find a way to win her.
It's surely very sad, as well as bad,
To long, without the power, to be a sinner.

She will not wed—so people think her mad;
And close within that palace walls they pin her.
When any one's so wise, mankind are glad
To say she's cracked, or else—the devil's in her.

MAIMOUNE.

The selfsame tale! Now this is wondrous strange!
Seest thou yon tower there by the glittering lake,
Across whose rippled bosom the large moon
Casts a bright pathway of cold beams—
A silver footcloth for a spirit's tread?
Dark stands the tower against the lustrous wave,
With one mimosa's feathery branches flung
Across its heavy lines.

DANASCH.

I see—what then? The tower looks black enough,
Save where from out one loophole steals a ray—
A bright eye peeping through a sable veil.
And farther on there seems a city too,
With palaces and mosques bright'ning their domes
In the moon's light—things that want gilding,
truly!
Were there no tinsel, even man's blind eyes
Might see the rugged joints that hold together
His loyalty, and superstition too.
He's a queer beast!—sometimes a very mole;
And sometimes, with an eagle's wing, he soars
And gazes upwards 'gainst th' eternal sun,
As if to flood his inward soul with light.—
He'll some day drown himself in that same sea.

MAIMOUNE.

Never! His spirit, kindred with the beam,
Looks to the heaven as home.

DANASCH.

A long way off!
He'll have a voyage far and perilous
Before he gets to port. But of the tower?
What worthy of remark hides yon dark mass?
I'm well aware, things that look very black
Sometimes conceal bright gems.

MAIMOUNE.

And there is one,
Golconda's mines ne'er hid a fairer.
Didst thou e'er see the newly-risen sun
Burst through the cloudy curtains of the night
Fringing the fleecy vapours with his light?

DANASCH, (*aside.*)

I've seen, and run away!

MAIMOUNE.

And then, as high
He rises in the majesty of beauty,
Scatter the loaded mists, and reign supreme,
Dethroning all the lesser lords of light,
And claiming the wide sky for his sole rule?

DANASCH.

Somewhat despotic, and not very civil!
How folks would blame him if he were the Devil!
But that injustice reigns in Heaven, Earth, Hell;
What's bad in one, in t'other is all well.

MAIMOUNE.

E'en thus before the first look of my prince
This pale-faced girl of thine shall veil her light;
And thou shalt say, convinc'd by thine own eyes,

That he outshines her as the sun the moon.
Go, fetch her hither straight on thy swart wings,
And bring her to the tower. There, side by side,
We'll lay the pair. Away, and tarry not,
Lest I should pierce thee with a sunbeam spear,
And fix thee fast upon the burning zone:
There, like a wither'd leaf, to shrivel up
Beneath the bright eyes of the hated day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Hall of EBLIS. *Colossal pillars. A dull red light. In the centre, a half globe of fire supporting a throne.* EBLIS *on the throne. A long range of winged Spirits on either hand; their heads bent towards the throne.*

CHORUS.

Hail! Hail! Hail,
Mighty spirit—daring chief
Of heaven's revolt!—all hail!
The parted universe thy sway
Willing, unwilling shall obey.
Thy slaves with joy—thy foes with grief—
Hail, even in defeat most glorious chief!

EBLIS, (*from the throne.*)

Away! Forth on your several paths speed hence!
You know the work unfinish'd, without end,
As inch by inch we fight against the power
Which calls itself Almighty. Each his task—
Allotted, not by me, but his own nature,
Branded upon his heart from that proud hour
When first the flag of Freedom waved against
The tyranny on high—has still to work:
All working woe to man.

A SPIRIT, (*sings.*)

I'm away, I'm away!
On a sunbeam gay,
I'll visit the chambers of youth and desire,
To fill the young breast
With a heart without rest
Which shall burn in its own evil fire,
For ever, for ever, for ever!

SECOND SPIRIT, (*sings.*)

I will bear to the old
The thirst of dull gold
Till it drink up love, hope, peace, and pleasure;
'Midst boundless wealth lying,
Of penury dying,
And curs'd with its coveted treasure,
For ever, for ever, for ever!

THIRD SPIRIT (*sings.*)

In the haughty mind—in the thoughtful brain,
In the adamantine heart I'll sow
The lust of power: that seed of every pain
Which mortal or immortal things can know.

Sate it—it shall still raven for more food;
Frustrate its desire, and 'tis insane;
Sailing o'er man's tears, wading through man's blood,
Its own despair it feeds with others' pain.

CHORUS OF CHIEF SPIRITS.

Away! Away! Away!
Till the skies are dim and the earth grows gray,
We have work for our skill,
And we want not the will,
All woe to nurture and all joy to slay.

[*Exeunt.*

A MULTITUDE DEPARTING.

With you great chiefs we go.
As sands o'er which the billows flow,
As billows themselves for ever flowing,
One in the other beyond all knowing
Link'd together numberless,
In your path we tread; on your wings we press.

With flowers in the hand, and smiles in the eye,
And a little fruit for the fool's decoy,
O'er cottage, and palace, and prison we fly,
To build the wish and the deed to destroy.
Our name is legion: we fly—we fly!
Beware of us ye things on high!
For when forth we come
From our fiery home
Our wings may sweep the stars from the sky.

A VOICE.

Away! Away! Away!

[*Exeunt.*

EBLIS, (*solus, descending.*)

Alone once more! The petty multitude
And their poor baseness gone!—A curse indeed
With mightiness only below Almighty—
With power and will, in the strong grasp of thought,
To hold the universe of all that is
Or was since time began—to herd with these
Whose petty aim, at best, is to pervert
A race of emmets on a clod of clay!
Could I, or they—as with vain pride they vaunt—
The multitudinous millions of the stars,
Which cloud eternal space, like wreaths of dust
Rais'd by Jehovah's chariot wheels, blot out

And leave the infinite deep of heaven all void,
Still the great mind prolific would burst forth
And deluge space with unimagin'd worlds.
Alone, alone! Eternally alone!
I and my mighty enemy alone,
Pervading all things in unceasing strife,
And he pervading me in punishment!
Could I rejoice, or hope, or love like these,
Or solace find, or mitigate one pang
With but the echo of the bliss gone by,
I were unworthy of that throne of fire.
Love!—Did I that discordant name here utter?
In Hell!—Away! God is all love, and I,
In this, as every thing, His opposite.
Weakest of weaknesses—self fraud of fools—
Compound of vanity and restlessness—
The lowest folly, or the foulest lust—
Let gloating Astaroth and her blind boy
Delude the clay-compounded sons of men,
Love, with thy name, and make them baser still
Than when fresh fashion'd from the filthy earth:
On me thou hast no power! My name is Hate.

DANASCH, (*entering.*)

The lowest of your slaves, Power of the Air,
Has paus'd in a quick flight to know your will.
Just now, whilst walking midst the stars, I met
A spirit of a diff'rent mood from ours—

EBLIS.

Cease, cease! I saw thee, slave. Throughout all space
My spirit reaches. I am everywhere:
Not always found when sought, but ever present.
I hear the million tongues of earth, distinct.
I see the changes in a grain of sand:
I mark the thoughts that rise in human hearts.
With the deep soul, I sit within the breast,
And put the petty intellect to shame
In reasonings high. — Think'st thou thy deeds unseen?

DANASCH.

It must be somewhat dazzling to the eyes.

EBLIS.

The past, the present, all spread out abroad,
Are ever in my sight.

DANASCH.

The future, too?

EBLIS.

Ay, e'en the future; but not all. There lies,
Far in the concave depth of time, a point
O'er which a dark impenetrable veil—
A misty cloud is cast, solemn and black—
A cloud of terrible will.

DANASCH.

There let it hang! It cannot thunder worse
Than I have heard it once, when running down
The hill of heaven, the storm bespatter'd most
Those who stay'd longest. I've limp'd ever since
With the fell haste I made to get away.

EBLIS.

Jester of Hell forbear!—say what thou seekest?
She bade thee bear the Princess to the tower
And lay her by the boy——

DANASCH.

They'll surely love.

EBLIS.

Well, let them! It were hard
To find a bitterer fate for human hearts.

DANASCH.

And they will marry.

EBLIS.

That completes the curse!
He'll find his goddess but an Indian idol—
Clay—clay!—and when he's tired of worship,
He'll kick the thing and break it. The while she,
Devising means to plague him, will create
A hostlike progeny of grievances:

Now jealous without cause—now giving cause:
Chilly when he is fond; warm when he's cold;
Dull when he's gay; for ever finding motives
To seem his opposite, and blame his humour,
And be the saddest woman upon earth,
Making his curse and her own misery.
Away! Fulfil the idle Spirit's blind behest
And let the consequence be what it will
Man's own desires will ever work him ill.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Interior of CAMARALZAMAN'S *tower, dimly lighted. A large couch, with the Prince sleeping; a Black Slave asleep on the floor. At the foot of the bed,* MAIMOUNE. DANASCH *just withdrawing his arm, after having laid the* PRINCESS *by the side of the* PRINCE. *The moon seen through the casement in the back scene.* DANASCH *and* MAIMOUNE *retire a step, and gaze at the* PRINCE *and* PRINCESS. *Slow music.*

DUET, MAIMOUNE AND DANASCH.

Fairest! Fairest! Fairest!
Fairer than the ray;
Rarer than the rarest,
More lovely than the day:

One like morning's blushes—
One like evening's gleam,
Ere the day-star rushes,
To the world of dream.

MAIMOUNE.

Yes, she is lovely!—I have seen a shell
Which, lying on the shores of Indian seas,
Has look'd into the morning's eyes with love
So often, that the sympathetic glow
Has been transfus'd from the bright Eastern sky
Into its bosom—as if earthly love
Could win immortal graces from the Heaven,
By gazing up on high;—and such a hue
Is on the maiden's cheek.
But thou wilt own, she is inferior far
To that which lies beside her, as the shell
Is lower than the sky on which it looks.

DANASCH.

Or lower than the sun is to the moon!
There is a manufactory of lies
For ever busy in my native land.
We of the household do receive them gratis;
But common mortals have their price to pay,
Sooner or later, and can't choose the day.

MAIMOUNE.

Lie not for me, foul spirit. 'Tis thy trade,
And falsehood comes more ready to thy lips
Than wholesome truth. So does it even now.
Thou'st eyes to see, and canst not gaze upon
This face and that, and dare to call her fairer;
But I'll convict thee; there's an umpire near.

[MAIMOUNE *stamps on the ground, and a hideous Geni appears.*

Look on the pair upon that couch, and say,
Unprejudic'd, which of the twain is fairest.
Mark well, and speak plain truth!

MAIMOUNE (*while the Geni views them with admiration*).

Truth, holy power,
Thy calm and placid sway
Outlives the hour,
And triumphs o'er decay.

Scorch'd like a scroll,
Cast in the burning flame,
Away shall roll
All mighty deeds and fame.

Truth, thou alone,
Soul of all loveliness,
By God's own throne
Standest in mightiness.

Changeless and bright,
All other things excelling;
Essence of light,
Heaven is thy dwelling.

Speak! thou hast gazed enough.

GENI.

Ah, no!—Enough?
When have immortal eyes enough beheld
The wonders of creation? And were all
That ever, in exuberance of power,
Prolific nature pour'd forth of divine—
Into her children her own grace transfusing—
Here gather'd and spread out beneath mine eyes,
Nothing more lovely could on earth be found
Than those two glorious beings. Which most fair
Who can decide? Let each one judge the other!
Wake them alternately—then watch and mark—
Whichever shows most admiration, puts
The crown of beauty on the other's head.
I could as deftly judge between two suns,
That blinded me in their effulgent brightness.

MAIMOUNE.

'Tis well bethought.—Soft I will wake the prince,
You bind the other in a deeper slumber.

(*To* DANASCH.)

MAIMOUNE, (*sings.*)

Sleep's blind enchantment break,
And charm thine unseal'd eyes;
From idle dreams awake,
To bright realities.

Cast off the thoughts of yore;
To fresh existence rise;
On cold oblivion's shore
Leave boyhood's fantasies.

O'er the dull sea of time,
Youth's breeze thy bark hath driven
To love's enchanted clime—
Foretaste of Heaven.

CAMARALZAMAN, (*starting up.*)

Who spoke?—I heard a voice. 'Twas as a dream
In which the visionary music steals
Into the heart, through all the winding caves
Of feeling—like a spirit gliding in
Despite closed doors and barrier'd lattices.
What is here? — A woman! — Sound, sound asleep!
I'll find a means to wake her.
(*Gazes at her thoughtfully.*)
How softly the pale rose upon her cheek
Fades in the alabaster skin around!

Thou downy peach, I'll taste thee! (*Kisses her.*)
She moves not—feels not.—Does she live?—Oh,
yes;
There is a warmth within that glowing flower
Which speaks life's sunbeams on its bosom still.
Th'ambrosial breath, like spring-winds over beds
Of dewy blossoms, makes one faint with sweetness.
There's no such loveliness among the dead;
I'll break sleep's leaden charm. (*He rises.*)

CAMARALZAMAN, (*sings.*)

Fair one! dear one! bright one! sweet one!
Ah! unclose those violet lids, and lift thine eyes
to meet one!

Through ivory teeth and parted lips—
Pearls coral beds adorning—
The fragrant breath is pouring forth,
Like Araby at morning.

The heart's red tide through those blue veins
In thrilling streams is rushing;
And warm upon thy velvet cheek
Youth's dawning light is blushing.

All, all is life, save those dear eyes,
Fast lock'd in death-like slumber:
Wake! lest I rob thee, in thy sleep,
Of kisses without number.

Fair one! dear one! bright one! sweet one!
Ah! unclose those violet lids, and lift thine eyes
to meet one!

Still sleeping! Does she feign? Then she feigns
well.
No twinkling of the jetty fringèd lid! No smile
On the archèd lip! No glow upon the cheek,
Deepening the rose, like the last sinking gush
Of passionate sunset o'er the western skies!
Perchance she's tutor'd. Even now the king
May gaze upon us from some secret place,
And mark with angry scorn, the new-born passion
Of his once icy son, and may resolve
To chastise disobedience with delay.
Oh, ye slow hours fly fast till she is mine!
The fiery-footed coursers of the lightning
Were not too quick to bear me to her arms.
Yet there she lies, in frozen slumbers locked,
As if the placid current of her thoughts
Had ne'er been rippled by the wing of love:
While grinning slaves, behind the hangings hidden,
May watch *my* eager fire and *her* dull sleep,
And laugh to see th' indifferent boy grown warm,
The proffer'd and rejected maiden cold.
I'll sleep again, or mock it. So shall feigning
Meet with feigning. And, sooth, my heavy eyes
(MAIMOUNE *waves her hand.*)

Feel as a feather would weigh down their lids.
(*He places himself again beside her, still gazing.*)
Yet must I have some pledge, thou lovely dreamer,
Of our espousals plainer than a kiss.
Kisses are but love's couriers, who convey
The burning messages from door to door,
And speed away, leaving unrecorded
The ardent touch that fires the mutual heart.
I'll take thy ring, as proof that thou art mine,
And with the golden circle from my hand
Chain thee mine own for ever.
(*Changes rings with her.*)
Slumb'ring still!
Well then sleep on, till, at the dawn of day,
I wake thee to our bridal.
[*He sleeps.*

MAIMOUNE.

Call her now
From dreamland to earth's life. Around the Prince
I'll throw a spell, stronger than tyrant's chain,
To hold the mind and body too in prison.

DANASCH, (*sings.*)

Oh, pretty piece of painted clay,
Where'er thy wits have gone astray,
Bring them back straight,
And through light's gate,
Look out and see what see you may.

But if as plainly you should show
Your love for him as he for you,
Less than woman,
Or more than man,
Is one or the other of you two.

Ever since earth began its race,
And man of woman urged the chase,
Did she not hide,
With cunning pride,
Love in the heart's most secret place?

BADOURA, (*waking.*)

It thunders!—Where am I?—Daystar!—Azime!
What is this? A chamber strange and gloomy!
Who is here beside me? On the same couch,
A man! Impudent slave! dear shalt thou pay
Thy daring! What ho, without!—
(*Gazes at him.*)
Yet stay!—
How calm he lies!—How beautiful is sleep
Upon a young and gentle face like that,
Soft'ning the graces of each lovely line,
Like the pale moonlight of a summer night
Upon the quiet countenance of earth,
Making Heaven's creature look almost divine!

Oh! powerful beauty—music of the eye,
Voiceless and silent, yet compelling thought,
With thy still eloquence, to bend to thee
Against resolve and purpose hard—e'en now
I feel thy magic tones steal through my heart
With harmonies unknown before and strange.
And shall I wake him from that downy sleep
To plunge him in the slumber of the grave?
Oh, no! I'll call him back to life, not death—
Gently and stilly, lest the slaves should hear.
Will a kiss wake thee? (*Kisses him.*) Boy, thou sleepest still,
As a gay bird, singing itself to rest,
Feels not the breeze that rocks it on the bough.
Is it the moon which through that casement pouring
Bathes thee to slumber in the effluent light?
I'll sing her to desist, and give me up
Mine own, my beautiful.

BADOURA, (*sings.*)

Thou dewy sphere, thy rays serene,
O'er dusky moor and mountain green,
Palace, and town, and tower,
Falling with soft and slumbrous light,
Wrap in blind sleep the dull and bright
With cold and silent power.

But o'er the eyes of watchful love
Strengthless thy mild enchantments prove,
  Unscepter'd sleep's dull sway.
In shady grove and lonely vale,
Companion of the nightingale,
  The moonlight is love's day.

Withdraw thy beams from off those eyes
And let the spirit's curtain rise,
  And living light look forth;
Oh, it will give so bright a day
That, in eclipse, thy borrow'd ray
  Shall vanish from the earth.

DANASCH, (*aside.*)

A reasonable prayer unto the moon—
To wake a light that shall her own put out!

BADOURA.

Still sleeping? There is magic on his eyes!
Sure some hard sprite has bound him by a spell
In this dull death of ever-slumb'ring life,
To punish me for coldness like his own.
Yet he has waked since nightfall.—On my hand
Is set his ring, and mine is stolen away,—
Thou little hand! I've heard men call thee fair,
But never thought thee beautiful till now.
Silent espousals! Wedded in cold sleep,

Waking, I ratify the joyful bond
With my warm heart—I thine—thou mine for ever! (*Kisses him.*)
I will not kiss thee more till thou shalt ask it—
Yet I am strangely tempted,—I've heard tell,
What women say they will not do, they do.
There is more honey on those flower-like lips
Than in the fragrant bosom of the rose
For such a bee as me. But still they yield
A poor, poor portion of their sweetness up
Thus with closed leaves, in sleep's o'ershadowing night.
I'll try again to wake him,—'twas a dull
And dreamy song I sang.

Indian air.

Sleepy boy, awake and see
Who sits and sings to thee—
Sings to thee,
Sings to thee,
While thou sleepest fast by me.

Sitting by thee, Love and Youth
Call upon thee for thy truth,—
For thy truth—

(MAIMOUNE *waves her wand over* BADOURA, *who falls asleep singing.*)

MAIMOUNE.

Bear her away,
Ere morning grey
Peeps through the loophole of the East,
To scare the sot
From the pottle-pot,
And the glutton from the feast,
The spirits of night
From the dim starlight,
The owl to his ivy tree,
The dew from the flower,
The boy from the bower,
Where no boy ought to be.

DANASCH.

A fairy's porter has no easy life!
To fly three thousand miles and back
With such a load, in one short night, I ween,
Might tire less willing shoulders than my own.
Still, I obey: but 'tis of little use;
They've seen—they've loved—they'll marry!
Put the wide earth between—roll the dark sea
Across their path—lock them in crystal palaces,
And cast the key down Etna's yawning throat—
Let parents storm, and jealous dragons watch,
Love such as theirs will run round half the globe,
Swim the wide ocean, break the idle lock,

Mock smoky anger, and deceive the devil,
But it will find its mate, and build its nest,
And make a world of little likenesses,
To plague its age with its own pranks renewed.
(*He lifts the* PRINCESS.)

MAIMOUNE.

Away! There's something yellow in the east,—
The tipstaff dawn will catch thee in the sky.

DANASCH.

I'll take the other way, then. [*Sinks.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

BADOURA'S *apartment, with a large window looking over a wide prospect. A profusion of gilding and ornament.* BADOURA *seated:* DANASCH (*invisible*) *watching her.*

BADOURA, (*rising thoughtfully. Sings.*)

Seen to be lov'd—belov'd but to be lost,
Star of my destiny, what veils thy light?
What envious cloud thy radiant brow has cross'd,
Or wert thou doom'd to shine but for a night?

Oh, had mine eyes thy blessèd beams ne'er known!
Oh, had my heart ne'er felt this living fire!
Better, far better, be transform'd to stone,
Than love, and lose, and fade in vain desire.

Oh, let me die, or see thy face again!
Oh, let me live, that face of light to see!
Star of my destiny, assuage my pain;
Shine on me here, or call me up to thee!

[BADOURA *retires slowly up the stage.*

DANASCH, (*advancing.*)

Ay, death's the last expedient ladies choose.
A fair alternative is always ready;
And Hope still whispers, live! deceiving all
With promise of to-morrow! Were there not
That vast to-morrow, call'd Eternity,
They would detect the cheat, and quit in haste
The thorny path, which leads them after all
Unto the common grave. But Hope, still shrewd,
The very grave bedecks with flowers, and binds
The charnel skull with ever-living wreaths,
Holding ajar the portals of the tomb,
And pointing through the darkness unto light.
Hope is a pleasant guest, but seldom taps
At my house door. I wish the Devil had her!
But who comes hither?

[*Retires to side scene.*

Enter NURSE, *calling.*

NURSE.

Badoura! Princess!

[BADOURA *returns.*

NURSE.

Heaven save us! My poor son, but just return'd
From travels strange and many—voyages
To Astracan, and Cashmere, and Caubul,
And perils in the sandy deserts, spread
'Twixt China, and Ceylon, and Madagascar,

More than the hairs in your great father's beard,
Must needs confront new dangers, and attempt
To see his foster sister, though grim guards
And squeaking eunuchs bar the way.
He has got wondrous secrets in his travels:
Charms, countercharms, receipts, and antidotes,
Talismans of great power, nativities,
Horary tables, dragons' heads and tails,
Astrolabes, and alembics, and what-nots,
Besides a world of languages. He knows
Planets, and constellations, and full moons,
As if he'd play'd at leap frog with the stars
In his young days.

DANASCH, (*aside.*)

I did so in mine own,
And had a fall.

NURSE, (*continues.*)

Nothing will serve him now,
But he must see you, whom he calls a star,
And heeds not, though I tell him that his head
Is likely to be treated like the skull
Of any addle-pated necromancer,
Who, having tried and fail'd to cure your wits,
Is set a grinning over the town gates.

BADOURA.

I lov'd him in my childhood; and his face
May wake the memory of happier hours

Than these—as flowers at times, or the bird's song,
Will rouse long slumbering thoughts from a dull trance,
Bringing past scenes and voices from the dead,
Like portraits of departed friends, who come
No more across the mighty sea that frets
On life's unstable shore. (*She pauses thoughtfully.*)
I'd see him willingly; but let him not
Adventure rashly. One warm heart like his,
Is far too precious, in this icy world,
To have its true pulse stopp'd for too much love.

NURSE.

I know a way, if you'll be very still,
And not speak loud, or shriek, or make a noise,
By the back-door, and through the garden gate,
And up the little staircase, near the pond
Of gold and silver fishes: then through my room,
And by the gallery.

BADOURA.

What way you will;
Bring him, but not with danger. His safety
To me is dearer than his company.

NURSE.

I'll manage it—I'll manage it—no fear!

[*Exit.*

BADOURA.

Perhaps, in his wide wanderings, fate or chance
Has led him to the land of him I love.
Fortunate Marzavan! That I were free
To roam in search of happiness, like thee!

(*She sings.*)

Oh, that my heart were a dove,
To fly far away o'er the hill!
Then its nest,
In thy breast,
Oh, my love,
Wherever thou art, it should fill.

Oh, for the keen eagle's sight,
Soaring the dull earth above,
Then mine eye,
Should espy,
My delight,
And lead me aright to my love.

Enter NURSE *with* MARZAVAN, *who bows reverently to the* PRINCESS, *and places some curious vessels and instruments on a table.*

NURSE.

Now I'll run out into the ante-room,
And keep safe guard against those prying eunuchs.

DANASCH (*watching* MARZAVAN.)

Soon shall we see rare mummery! This man
Is one of those who fancy they can make
The devil run their errands, while he laughs
To see the mystical and solemn fools
Do his best work with their own clumsy tools.

BADOURA, (*extending her hand to* MARZAVAN.)

My brother! Marzavan!—What, dost thou, too,
Believe Badoura mad? and with dull tricks
Of juggling doctors—half deceiv'd themselves,
Half fooling others—wouldst thou try to cure
A malady unreal as a dream,
And only in my father's fancy dwelling?

MARZAVAN.

They have assured me, Princess, solemnly—

BADOURA, (*interrupting him with a smile.*)

Dost thou remember how we play'd in childhood
Beside the margin of a glassy stream,
And dropp'd the smooth, round pebbles in, to make
A thousand rippling circles, like man's thoughts,
One in the other, but as more extensive
Faint and more faint?

MARZAVAN.

I do remember well
Those happy days.

BADOURA.

Then is Badoura mad?
Dost thou remember, how we sat to hear
The merry nightingale, in rosy bowers
Lulling the heavy-headed buds to sleep
With his cool notes? Then is Badoura mad?
For true, as are my memories of all
That happen'd in the pleasant days of old,
Is my remembrance of that joyful hour,
Which now my father calls an insane dream.

MARZAVAN, (*kissing her hand joyfully.*)

'Tis I have been insane to think thee so.
The past should have found voices to say, no!
Did I not know thee in thy gentle youth,
With every happy quality so mixt—
The heart, the mind, the soul in harmony—
That one might blot a star from out the sky,
As well as one perfection from thy breast?
Pardon! oh, pardon! Yet it is most mad—
Though I and all men be infected thus—
With knowledge of things strange and marvellous
Occurring daily to shame unbelief,

To fight against a faultless evidence,
Because the causes are beyond our grasp.

BADOURA.

Blame not yourself too far! The tale was strange—
Passing belief; and all men joined the cry,
"Badoura's mad!" But now to deeper question.
In all thy wand'rings—Where shall I find words?

MARZAVAN.

They're needless. I have heard the tale; and know,
That in the mystery wherein we live—
Through the dark curtain, separating man
From the infinite hierarchy of minds,
Unflesh'd or disembodied—there will come
Strange sympathies and revelations bright.
They prepossess'd me with a harsh report
That thou wert mad, and I gave foolish ear;
But to atone for rash credulity,
I'll wander o'er the earth, sweep the wide seas,
Search camps, and cities, courts, and hermits' caves,
To find the lov'd companion of that night,
Which taught you love, and left you but despair.

Give but some sign—some token—but a lock
Of hair—a mark—a feature——

BADOURA.

Lo, his ring!
Graved with a character none comprehend
In all the empire. Bonzes and doctors,
High and low, wise, fools, have stared their eyes out,
But read nothing there.

MARZAVAN.

Let me look nearer!—
With token such as this, did they still doubt?

BADOURA.

Some said it was an idle toy, and some
A talisman to steal my wits away.
Thou seem'st to scan it closely. Canst thou read?

MARZAVAN, (*reading the ring.*)

" Prince Camaralzaman of Khaledan.
" Allah is great, and I am his alone."
Joy, joy, my Princess! Though a weary year
Thou still must wait, while over the slow seas
My bark shall sail, yet ere the pilgrim sun
Brings the bright circle of the seasons round,
Thou shalt see him thou lov'st, or me no more.

DANASCH, (*aside.*)

She'll kiss him now, for very joy to think
She soon may kiss the other.

BADOURA.

Oh, happiness!
Can it be real? To my heart it comes
Numbing belief beneath a load of hopes,
As he who finds a treasure on a rock,
And grasping at the shining pile, is crushed
Beneath the falling riches. Marzavan,
I know thy nature well, and thou wilt feel
As much of joy in that thou givest me,
As if it were thine own. Go then at once.
Heaven speed thy wingèd ship, and give it flight
Like a young eagle's, o'er the fickle sea,
As safe—as straight—as rapid.

MARZAVAN.

I am gone.

[*Exit.*

BADOURA.

Heaven give me strength to bear his sight again.
Now know I joy's excess can reach to pain.

[*Exit.*

DANASCH, (*coming forward.*)

A twelvemonth's voyage, for an absent lover!
The precious bale of goods may well get musty,

With long conveyance in a filthy ship.
I'll try my wings, and in thy form and guise,
Good Marzavan, will bear away the prize.
My roads are always short; but as we roll,
I may chance pick his pocket of his soul.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A palace by the sea shore, with a terraced garden, and large gilded gates; a wide prospect over the sea; a boat moored near the shore. Fishermen, peasants, boys and girls.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Haul the boat up! There will be storms ere night:
A misty haze hangs o'er the southern sky;
At eve the moon, in her old age, reclined,
As weary with the many nights she'd wander'd;
And when the sun went down, the scatter'd clouds,
High up aloft, bade him a red farewell.
Tempest and wind will ride the air to-night.

PEASANT GIRL.

The sun is bright; the western sky
Smiles warm beneath his radiant eye;
O'er the broad water comes the beam,
So full of hope, I cannot deem

The spirit of the storm hath might
To triumph o'er the power of light.
Though all things change, yet while I may
Let me enjoy th' unclouded ray.

PEASANT GIRL, (*sings.*)

Like a beam on the wave is the dream of young love,
Pouring down on our still changing life from above.
Though rippled—rippled, to light and to save
Who follow it straight, comes the beam on the wave.

When the mother beheld her fair child at her knee,
And for him onward look'd to the days that might be,
Though rippled—rippled, the light that hope gave,
For him, the belov'd, was the beam on the wave.

When the child, grown a man, had to struggle with care,
There was one whose whole joy was his fortunes to share.
Though rippled—rippled, the light which love gave
That pair of true hearts was the beam on the wave.

The billows may toss their mad heads up on high,
The clouds of misfortune may over us fly,
And rippled—rippled, o'er many a grave
The waters may flow—still Hope beams on the wave.

OLD FISHERMAN.

Well said! Oh, who, though dark his own life be
With age's cloudy frown, would seek to quell
The sunshine of the youthful heart with thought
Of storms far distant, which may never come?
The frosty time of life arrives full soon.
We hardly know the July morning past
Before December's evenings close around:
And ill fare he who early winter brings
Upon a summer spirit.—Joy, joy, young folks!
Dance, sing, and play while you have yet the power,—
The hour is nigh when you'll have strength for neither.

[*A dance of peasantry.*

A YOUNG FISHERMAN, (*sings.*)

Oh! the merry vine,
How its tendrils twine
Around the sturdy oak and the aspen tree;
Bending with the flood
Of the grapes' red blood,
Yet a field far brighter has the sea, the sea—
Yet a field far brighter unto me.

Oh! the yellow corn,
Since mankind was born,
All have hail'd it waving o'er the lea, the lea;

Summer's golden ore,
Winter's blessed store;
Yet a field far brighter has the sea, the sea—
Yet a field far brighter unto me.

Oh, the trim array
Of the garden gay!
Perfume, colour, beauty, grace, enthrallingly
Gathering around,
Charmèd make the ground,
Yet a field far brighter has the sea, the sea—
Yet a field far brighter unto me.

[*While they dance and sing, stormy clouds roll up.*

FIRST FISHERMAN.

You see, I told the truth, but none believ'd.
E'en now the sea is rack'd with torturing winds.
See how the billows struggle with the squall,
Foaming like fretful horses 'neath the spur
Of the rough riding storm! Run up, run up,
To the high cliffy point, and look abroad,
If any ship is caught in the typhoon.

OLD FISHERMAN.

Look to our own boats first, along the beach!
There is no help for those at sea.

[*A ship appears in the distance.*

A LAD.

Lo, there!
A gallant vessel struggling with the waves,
And plunging like a dolphin down the slope
Of wat'ry mountains! She'll not live an hour.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

An hour?—Five minutes—she is gone!
(*Ship wrecked.*)
Run up,
And see if any bales are driven ashore!
Some coast along under the rocks; and some
Watch from above. I've known right precious things
The gift of yon wild sea.

[*Exeunt all but* FIRST FISHERMAN.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

How the winds roar!
But what is that upon the waves? A man!

[*A figure seen struggling with the sea.*

Enter DANASCH, *dressed as* MARZAVAN.

DANASCH.

Ho, ho! Upon the shore at last! I thought
I ne'er should reach the land, though I swim well,
As you might see, good sir, and ought to be
More hard to drown than most men.

FISHERMAN.

True enough!
I've liv'd some forty years beside that sea,
And never till to-day beheld the man
Who could have found the land in such a storm.
You have a marv'llous trick of riding o'er
The furious waves. Come you from Oran, sir?
There, as men say, the infants learn to swim
At ten days old.

DANASCH.

My mother was a duck,
Who dining with a pelican one day,
Became enamour'd of his big-bill'd son;
And being cross'd in love, as most ducks are,
She tried to drown herself without success.
Then, as the next best thing that she could do,
Foiled in heroic suicide, became
The wife of a rich cormorant. His son
Comes of a swimming race, you see. Water
Has small effect on me.

FISHERMAN, (*laughing.*)

So it seems, truly!
Are your fingers webb'd?

DANASCH.

No! I've no fins.
But where am I? Amongst what people cast?

Under what skies? Whose is this palace gay?
Those gardens, too, beterraced to the heavens,
As if old Babylon were here revived?

FISHERMAN.

This land is named the isles of Khaledan.
A great and glorious kingdom does it form.
Four provinces four mighty cities hold;
In each a palace, to which this is but
A shepherd's cot. But here, at times, the king
Hides his great spirit from the host of cares
Which throng about a court; and even now
He makes abode within those golden gates.
Thence he can look over the fitful sea,
And think how like its changeful aspect is
To life and fortune.

DANASCH.

Meditation fit,
For the small people toss'd upon the waves
Of common fate. Kings are above such changes.
The lightning scares the cuckoo and the crow:
The rain-sopp'd hen sits underneath the tree,
And, shiv'ring, curses the uncertain sky:
The eagle builds his nest above the storm,
And dwells in everlasting calm on high.

FISHERMAN.

Yet kings have griefs as well as common men.
Ours is an instance; for his only son—

Sent as a blessing on his life's decline—
Has run stark mad. At first he would not wed,
Although his father swept the world for wives
To suit his moody taste.

DANASCH.

I've heard so much:
The Prince grew savage and his father harsh.
Close in a lonely tower, he shut him up,
Because he would not make his highness grandsire.
Is it not so? Well!—what has happen'd since?

FISHERMAN.

The news has travell'd, then!—Dull solitude
Filled the poor boy with insane fantasies.
Now he believes, a lovely lady came
And lay beside him in his sad abode,
Spell bound in silent sleep; and still he sighs
For her the livelong day, and wakes all night,
In the fond hope she'll visit him again.

DANASCH.

'Tis a clear case of monomania.

FISHERMAN.

What's that?

DANASCH.

A very curious state of wits,
In which a man may say all sorts of things
Without offence, and do all sorts of things
Without a crime.
Murder his brother,
Take his dear friend's purse,
Marry his mother,
And be none the worse.
'Tis pleasant to the man himself, no doubt;
But still he's mad, and should be strictly watch'd.
The only doctor, this side of Caucasus,
Who can find cure for such a malady,
Am I; and sure I deem the stormy sea
Has cast me on this beach to be the means—
Heaven willing! as old women say—to bring
The Prince's truant senses back to school.
(*The golden gates open.*)
But who comes here, forth from the garden gates?

FISHERMAN.

Hassan, the Vizier: tell him of your skill.
But if you undertake the cure and fail,
Your head had better be a pumpkin, sir,
For it will fall as soon, and suffer more.

DANASCH.

They'd have hard work to get it off, I think;
And as to suffering, custom makes it light.

Enter VIZIER, *attended.*

VIZIER.

The king but now, while watching the proud storm
Subdue a gallant vessel to its will,
Beheld a swimmer beating to the shore,
And fain would know if living he reach'd land.
(*To* DANASCH.) You are a stranger, and your garments wet—
Are you the man?

DANASCH.

Such fate befel thy slave,
Star of the court of kings.

VIZIER.

Say whence you come?
What is your art or trade? No common man
Are you, if eyes and brows belie you not.
There is a cunning light in those dark balls;
And on your forehead something sits more deep
Than thought—more sad—more stern—despite the smile
That mocks it from your lip.

DANASCH.

And well it may!
I've past long years and more than you'd believe,
In conning lessons that are hard to learn.

But study has its fruits; and if mine bear
Peace to the wounded spirit—to the frame
Rack'd by disease, calm ease—to the warp'd mind
The reasoning power restored, I've not in vain
The tree of knowledge pluck'd—though Adam did,
And only learn'd to die.

VIZIER.

A physician!
Would that your skill could reach the cure of one
In whom the hopes of nations have found death!
But it is vain: hopelessly mad, there is no art
Can reach the root of his disease.

DANASCH.

Not so!
A salamander's tail——

VIZIER.

We've tried it.

DANASCH (*sneering.*)

Doubtless! 'Tis the first folly of a hundred!
(*Gravely.*) But there are simples, cull'd in the right hour
Of the moon's age—when, pouring her full beams
Into the nect'rous bosoms of the flowers,
She does impart to their transparent blood

Th' attractive power she holds o'er human sense—
Which, if with care distilled, refill the brain
With that ethereal essence which had fled.
Thus we compel the thief, with art sublime,
To make full restitution of her theft.
Trust me—submit the prince unto my care,
And I'll restore him to himself again:
If not, my head's the forfeit. Yet I claim
Time to prepare my drugs. The insane sea
Has swallowed precious mithridates enough,
Prepared by mine own hands, to make it calm
For a whole twelvemonth. I must, likewise, crave
Full liberty to see my princely patient,
To dive into his malady, and fathom
The depths of his disease.

VIZIER.

You promise fair,
And shall be fairly tried. Follow me quick;
I'll take you to the king; and should you ask
The thing most precious in his wide domains,
He'll not regret the boon—his son once cured.

[*Exit.*

DANASCH (*following.*)

Now, *men* would ask the fee before the cure;
Devils are far less grasping, or more sure.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

CAMARALZAMAN'S *chamber in the palace. The Prince discovered seated at a table, with his head leaning on his hand; his eyes turned to the window, through which the sea is seen, with a distant line of coast.*

CAMARALZAMAN (*sings.*)

Araby! Araby!
There is the land where I would be.
Not for spices, not for flowers,
Days of light, and sunny hours,
But to be free.

Araby! Araby!
Oh, that thy sands my home might be!
Happy as a play-day child,
Wand'ring unrestrain'd and wild,
My love, with thee.

[*Falls into dark thought again.*

The figure of a king appears at the side scene, with DANASCH *dressed as* MARZAVAN. *The King points with dumb show to* CAMARALZAMAN, *and retires.* DANASCH *comes forward, observing the* PRINCE.

DANASCH.

Black care sits on his brow. 'Tis wonderful!
After the many things I've seen in life,
I am not given to marvel, yet needs must—
I do admire men's passions. Had he fallen
From heaven to hell, he could not look more sad,
Than for the loss of one fair piece of flesh
Will soon be wrinkled as his grandmother.
Prince!—Camaralzaman!—He answers not,
Nor hears. I'll rouse his peevish Highness!

DANASCH, (*sings.*)

Fair one! dear one! bright one! sweet one!
Ah, unclose those violet lids, and lift thine eyes to meet one!

CAMARALZAMAN, (*starting up.*)

Ha! Who art thou, that, with a magic spell,
Unlocks't the door of memory?—A dream?—
They tell me 'twas a dream! And yet the words
Which burst in passion's music from my heart—
Awaken'd like some silent instrument, when touch'd
By a great master's hand—are on thy lips.
It was no dream!

DANASCH.

Dreams are realities;
Realities but dreams! You dream e'en now,

But soon shall wake to life—ay, solid, hard,
Experienced, earthly life! I come to wake you.
I'm a physician.

[CAMARALZAMAN *reseats himself, with a gesture of scorn.*

DANASCH.

That contemptuous look
Speaks you more wise than doctors will admit.
Sit there, and hear me patiently. My skill
Lies in discov'ring all men's maladies——

CAMARALZAMAN.

Mine are beyond thy sight——

DANASCH.

Beyond the moon;
But I see farther still. Listen awhile!
In the mid-watch of night, you woke and found
A fair girl sleeping soundly by your side——

CAMARALZAMAN, (*rising, and waving his hand.*)

You've heard the tale, and think to cozen me
With repetition vain of what I told.

DANASCH.

You're more acute than those who judge you mad.
But still, be patient. What as yet to none

On earth you've breath'd, I will repeat:
Thrice did you kiss her, as she lay asleep,
And sang to wake her. From her lily hand
You took her ring—replaced it with your own,
And then, while thinking you would lock her fast
In an embrace that should secure your prize,
A leaden weight press'd your dull eyelids down.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Didst thou watch us?

DANASCH.

I tell thee, I see far;
And even now behold her as she sits
Weeping for him who's sighing here for her.
Shall I describe her?

CAMARALZAMAN.

If thou hast a tongue,
Like that of the sweet songstress of the night,
To make my bosom's darkness musical.

DANASCH, (*sings.*)

Her eyes are like fountains in light of the morning;
From the depth rises up the clear stream of the soul.
The soft waving tresses her fair brows adorning,
Round the mind's iv'ry palace, in dark masses roll.

Kind Heaven, from the young rose's inmost recesses,
Has gather'd the hues on her soft cheek to rest;
And the lips, on which thy lip in fancy now presses,
Are skies of warm crimson around the bright west.

Like the swan's is her soft neck, as white and as slender;
Her eyelids' pale morning still fringed with the night.
Her heart as a child's is all timid and tender,
Her voice is the balm-bearing breath of delight.

Her feet, like the antelope treading the mountains——

CAMARALZAMAN.

Enough, enough! It is herself you paint——

DANASCH, (*aside.*)

Or any other pretty girl on earth.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Her rare perfections, piercing the dull ear,
Make the heart ache with longing. Sing no more!
'Tis not a means to cure me of my love.

DANASCH.

One cure alone there is for love.

CAMARALZAMAN.

What's that?

DANASCH.

Marriage—a never-failing remedy.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Oh, were that cup within my reach, how soon
Were every ill of hapless passion cured,
And love transform'd from misery to joy.

DANASCH.

Were not the man who brought it to thy lip,
Or thy lip unto it, a skilful leech
Well worthy a magnificent reward?
What wilt thou give to him, who, in ten days,
Shall place the lovely princess in thy arms?

CAMARALZAMAN.

The dearest thing I have on earth—except
The soul I hold from Heaven.

DANASCH.

Enough—a bargain!

[*He stamps his foot, and a flame arises—a red glare spreads round.*

CAMARALZAMAN.

What hast thou done, incarnate fiend?

DANASCH.

Nothing
But raised a little harmless fire and smoke—
Like other strategetic generals—
To cover our retreat. What if the house
Be soon a hillock of charr'd wood and stones,
It is not surely the most precious thing
Thou hast on earth?

CAMARALZAMAN.

My Father!—I must fly
To warn and save him.

DANASCH, (*detaining him.*)

For him fear nothing!
Though somewhat dry, he will not burn to-day.
Old men have full as many lives as cats:
At least young heirs will sometimes fancy so.
(*Cries without.*)
Nay, nay, he's safe! I swear it by my beard!
Come take my hand, if thou wouldst win a bride!
(*Officers and Slaves cross the stage in confusion.*)
We'll through the window, while these seek the door.

Fear not! We need no camels, horses, ships.
I've a conveyance of my own, more quick,
And not a whit less sure.

CAMARALZAMAN.

A potent spell
Is in his tones and looks—I'll go with him:
I cannot find more wretchedness than here,
Where'er he leads me.

DANASCH.

This way, my Prince.

[*Exeunt by the window. Two figures seen slowly rising into the sky, as the drop-scene falls.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The clouds. CAMARALZAMAN. DANASCH *somewhat above the level of the stage.*

CAMARALZAMAN.

Clouds, clouds—behind, before, above, below!
Say, whither hast thou led me?

DANASCH.

A great way—
Still, not much alter'd is your atmosphere
From that in which man daily lives and dies.
Clouds are around him ever; and his thoughts
Are but thin vapour, which one ray of light
Would dissipate for ever. What his hopes,
Loves, fears, desires, ambitions, but mere mists?
The fabled demigod who clasp'd a cloud,
Was but an image of the human race,
Embracing joys that still elude the grasp.*

CAMARALZAMAN.

'Tis strange, these fleecy wand'rers of the sky

* The reader may recollect perhaps having seen this figure, in a play written by a justly popular author. In placing it here, however, I have but taken back my own, for long before that play was written, I had placed it in the mouth of the Cardinal de Richelieu. See "De l'Orme," vol. ii. p. 252, first edition.

Bear up my tread, like the thin dust which strews
The desert's rocky pavement, soft yet firm.

DANASCH.

'Tis not that they're grown hard, but thou grown
light.
I have endow'd thy body with a power
To tread the unseen air, and can recal
Th' ethereal gift, and let thee headlong fall
Ten thousand fathoms down upon the earth.

CAMARALZAMAN.

I do not fear! Thou hast no power at all,
But that which is permitted.

DANASCH.

Dar'st thou look
From this high air, which never eagle reach'd,
Nor granite peak of glacier-bearing rock
Pierc'd with its horn of ice—where the lone bird,
The storm-surmounting Albatros would wink,
And the crag's denizen, the goat, grow giddy—
Dar'st thou look down upon the rolling earth,
With all its kingdoms, grey spread out below?

CAMARALZAMAN.

Ay, dare I!—I have never yet beheld
The thing I dare not do, with conscience clear,
And trust in God; but these thick-curtain'd clouds.
Obscure the sight.

DANASCH.

I'll puff the mists away
(*The clouds roll away from the back scene.*)
What seest thou now?

CAMARALZAMAN.

A mass most indistinct—
Yes; it is sea and land. Islands I see
And a great continent.—Are those the isles
O'er which my father reigns?

DANASCH.

Not so. Far thence.
That is the realm of Mammon, a great king,
Who rules his subjects with despotic sway.
They toil, and moil, and grind their fellow men,
And torture their own bones, and all for him:
And then they die and fill a filthy grave,
And all their services are clean forgotten.
He gives them nothing when they leave his service
But dust and worms.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Nay, Mammon is a fiend.

DANASCH.

And a great ruler, too: each demon holds
Some corner or another of that earth

In his peculiar sway. But after all,
The greatest Prince I know amongst mankind
Is Mammon. There his capital you see:
But he has many subjects in all lands,
And most obedient humble servants, too.
Hard by dwells Astaroth; and, farther on,
Lucifer reigns, with Satan's mighty help.
I've got a map, at home, of all their realms—
But you're impatient to speed on. Yet think
For one short moment what it is you do.
You're very young, and youth's the time of joy—
Joy unrestrain'd and free. Let nightingales
Worship one foolish rose, and spend their lives
In singing to its crimson breast. Do you
Cull the whole garden for a varied nosegay!

CAMARALZAMAN.

I know not what thou wouldst!

DANASCH.

'Tis soon explain'd.
Youth needs no lexicon for pleasure's name.
Thou'st seen the power, which studies long and deep,
In places where one learns such things right well,
Have given me o'er the elements; and now
If thou'rt so minded, I will bring thee where
A hundred girls, each one more beautiful

Than thy once seen Princess, and varied all,
One from the other, with peculiar charms
Like different shining flowers, shall form a wreath
For thee alone. Midst marble palaces
And shady groves, by star-lit streams, on beds
Of never-fading amaranth, and lull'd
By water-falls and softly sighing airs,
And birds most musical, thine hours shall pass
With that fair bevy in unending joys.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Thou canst not tempt me! Thou wouldst try my love;
But it is firm. This bevy of fair girls,
Each peerless, were but statues dead and cold
To one who loves not. Marble palaces,
And groves, where twinkling rays give twilight dim
At hot mid-day, and streams begemm'd with stars,
And beds of never-fading amaranth,
And water-falls, and sighing airs, and birds,
Form but a desert, cold and grey, without
Life's day-star lamp of love. Oh, blessed love,
Without thy sun-like light, man's night of life
Is leaden, dark, and rayless as the tomb—
Cold as the misty landscape when the clouds
Of shadowy winter veil the eye of Heaven:
And as, in this bright sky, shines but one sun,

Sole in his glory, simple, rivalless,
In the hearts' Heaven one love alone can dwell.
Lead on! I do forgive thee, for the sake
Of thy dear lady, thou wouldst prove my truth:
But it is needless.

DANASCH.

Well, we'll hasten on
The journey is not far for steeds like ours.

[*He waves his hand over the clouds, which sink with him and the* PRINCE, *leaving them on the stage.*

SCENE II.

The open space before the gates of a great Oriental city. A multitude in Eastern costume, coming in and going out. Merchants, shopkeepers, artizans, boys, girls, water-carriers, DANASCH, CAMARALZAMAN. *A row of heads on spikes over the town gates.*

FIRST MERCHANT, (*passing across the front.*)

The wind sits in the north and west. 'Tis time
I were on board. Three tedious weeks, wind-bound,
I've tarried in this city.

SECOND MERCHANT.

Not amiss
I'll warrant, sir. We've many pleasant things
To glad a stranger's sight.

FIRST MERCHANT.

Some not so fair!
Witness those heads. My very eyes are weary
With sights of blood. Unheard of cruelty!
To put to death all who with learned art
Would cure his daughter, but to whom false fortune
Denies success!

SECOND MERCHANT.

They know the penalty!
Those who adventure for a mighty prize
Must win or pay the stake. The Emperor
Would keep his word, and give his daughter
To him who wrought her cure, were he a peasant;
But, faithful to his oath, him who essays
Without success, he dooms to death. All know
The odds 'gainst which they play.

DANASCH, (*approaching them.*)

Pardon me, sirs,
If for a moment's space I interrupt
Your learned conversation. You are both
Deep-read physicians, if I judge aright.

FIRST MERCHANT.

You are mistaken, sir,—mere merchants we—
I and my friend here, both.

DANASCH.

'Tis the same thing:
Merchants or doctors traffic with man's needs
Or with his follies. Love of a fine suit
Is a disease, as well as rheumatism;
Or if you deal in spice, you but supply
A medicine to a stomach sick of surfeits.
Clear water, fruits, and weather-hardened skin,
Are drink, food, clothing, such as Heaven bestow'd
On healthy man. All other things are drugs,
Which you administer to man diseas'd.
Most learned doctor, therefore! [*Bows low.*

SECOND MERCHANT.

The man's mad!
Come, let us leave him.
[*Exeunt the* TWO MERCHANTS.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Why confuse the men
With such wild talk, inopportune, and wide
Of mark and object?

DANASCH.

Oh, it is pleasant
Before a hungry boor to set a dish
That makes his gorge rise with the very sight;
To talk to learned dolts—pompous—wrapp'd up
In dull equations, angles, measurements,
And all the line and rule work of the schools—
Of caps and bells, lace, ribbons, silks, and flowers;
Or with the routine slaver of the desk—
Your regular plain man—to reason fine,
With metaphysic jest, and see him stare,
Angry, bewilder'd, without words or wit.
A monkey tied on a rough trotting horse
Is sport,—but poor to this.

Enter a LAD *and a* GIRL, *bearing between them a basket of fruit and flowers.*

GIRL.

Fruit! fruit! Buy fruit!

[*They set down the basket, and sing.*

Duet.

LAD.

Oh, tell me how the garden grows,
Beside the living stream?

GIRL.

There fruits and flowers, in equal rows,
Bask in the summer beam.

Together.

There are berries,
And cherries,
And violets blue.

LAD.

Like the skies,
Or thine eyes?

GIRL.

What's that to you?

(*Spoken.*) Fruit! fruit! Buy fresh fruit!

GIRL, (*sings.*)

The melon, from the passing rill,
With cool drops fills his heart.

LAD.

And orange-blossoms balms distil,
To ease the lover's smart.

Together.

And tansies,
And pansies,
Drink up the dew.

LAD.

From the skies,
Or thine eyes?

GIRL.

What's that to you?

GIRL.

(*Spoken.*) Flowers! flowers! Buy sweet flowers!

DANASCH.

I like this girl! Wilt have her, puissant Prince?
There is a spice of devil in her words
That suits me well.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Then keep her for thyself;
My heart is full of other fantasies.
What is this city?

DANASCH.

'Tis a place of love—
So you, at least, are bound to think; for here
Dwells the fair lady who bewitch'd your eyes.
But what a peevish and a childish spirit
Is this same love of yours. You fear to look
Upon a sunny cheek, or pouting lip,
Or sparkling eye, or alabaster brow,
As if a schoolmaster were at love's heels,
To whip the little truant if he trips.
Fie on it! Open the heart's gates, and give
To more expansive feelings kind admission.

CAMARALZAMAN.

The chamber's full: no inappropriate place
Is left. Hers is the whole.

DANASCH.

This is not love,—
This is idolatry!—Come hither, girl!
You have a charming ancle,—and a foot
Might shame the light-stepp'd antelope;
Your eyes, too, must have won a world of lovers.

GIRL.

Some have talked nonsense to me, sir, as you.

DANASCH.

And you believed it,—every woman does.
What know you, now, of love?

GIRL.

Enough to know
All is not true that gentlemen will say,
And not be caught, like larks with looking-glass.

DANASCH.

Come, tell this youth of what is love compos'd.

GIRL, (*sings.*)

Of ranging,
And changing,
From morning until night:
Of swearing,
And declaring,
The loved one's eyes are bright.

Of deceiving
The believing,
And telling many a lie:
Ne'er fulfilling
To the willing,
And pursuing those that fly.

GIRL.

That is man's love, sir.

DANASCH.

And what is woman's?

GIRL, (*sings.*)

All truth,
And all ruth,
From morning until night:
She shines
Or she pines
But for the lov'd one's sight.

Her oath,
And her troth,
Nought but wrong can make her break;
And she'll fly,
Or she'll die,
For her true lover's sake.

DANASCH.

A woman made the song, and sang it, too.

[*Gong sounds.*

A procession passes out of the gates, with an old man, in a long black robe, going to execution: a naked sword borne before him. Guards; boys running.

CAMARALZAMAN.

What bloody business now is to be done?

GIRL, (*clapping her hands.*)

Another execution! Let us run!
'Tis some old doctor, who has sought to cure
Our fair Princess, and have her for his fee,
But, failing like the rest, has cast away
His drugs and life together. Quick, boy, quick!
Or we shall lose the sight. There is just room
To stick another head upon the gates.

CAMARALZAMAN.

A spice of devil truly! Kings should think
Right well, before they train their subjects up
In love of blood; for 'tis a fatal thirst
That will be quenched, and in the end may drain
The best and noblest hearts in all the land.

DANASCH.

This sight may teach another lesson, too—
The task you undertake is perilous!
What if the Princess should prove cold—or mad,
As these folks say?

CAMARALZAMAN.

They said the same of me!
I will not think it. Cold she may be, indeed,
To those who seek her as a toy, or those
With mad ambition fired—like yon old man—
Who loveless seek to climb the bed of state
By crooked paths, and win a royal bride,
Themselves unroyal in desire and thought.
But, in my breast there is an energy
Which promises success. I'll not believe
But there are sympathies in human hearts,
Which make responsive pulses beat to love
When it is true and high. Cold steel itself
Thrills to the emanation pouring forth
From the hard loadstone's breast. The close-lipp'd flowers
Unto the gush of sunrise open; and the sea
Uprises in his rocky bed to meet
The placid moon. There is sweet influence
Throughout all nature, calling into life
Unborn sensations in things, dead and cold
Till rous'd by latent sympathies. Shall love,
Alone of all things, be its part denied
In universal harmony?

DANASCH.

Perhaps
It may be so; for at the best we find
Two people seldom long of the same mind.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Have you not told me, that she loves me too?
Prizes my ring?—looks for my coming?

DANASCH.

True!
'Twas so some four-and-twenty hours ago.
The moon has chang'd since then, and so may she.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Then let me die! I have liv'd long enough,
If I have liv'd to find all I held dear
Chang'd in a night, like the inconstant moon.
Yet will I not believe it! Lead me on!
Full of high hope and love—life's brightest gifts—
I'll try my fate. If these are snatch'd away,
Death's bitt'rest pang is past; and all the rest
Is but a blow and pillow in the dust.

DANASCH.

Boldly resolved! Death at a distance seen
Looks rather mild, and his gaunt cheeks plump out;
But view him nearer, with his open jaws,
You'll find the monster very like a lion.

While DANASCH *speaks, slaves, carrying luggage, pass across the stage.* CAMARALZAMAN *goes slowly up to the gates, and stops, gazing at the heads above.*

Enter MARZAVAN, *following the slaves from the gates, through which they have passed.*

DANASCH, (*aside.*)

Lo, my twin brother, posting off in haste
To seek a Prince, here at his elbow standing!
'Twere sport to let him sail away, and find
The happy couple, when he comes again,
Married a twelvemonth—honeymoon long past,
And wormwood moons at full. But I'll be pitiful,
And introduce these mortals to each other.
Then one more trick, to bring his head in peril,
And if they needs must marry, be it so.
The saucy fairy loses her lov'd boy
By death or marriage, and no matter which.
(*Aloud.*) Ho! my Lord Marzavan! (*Aside.*) The nurse's son
Will like the title well. (*Aloud.*) Lord Marzavan!

MARZAVAN, (*returning.*)

Your pleasure?

DANASCH.

'Tis very little, sir,
I either have or give.

MARZAVAN.

Then what's your will?
I have not time to quibble with a word,
For I am bound upon a distant voyage——

DANASCH.

Which I intend to stop, and save thereby
Some trouble and some sickness. You are bound
For the far isles of Khaledan, to seek
A jewel for the Princess.

MARZAVAN.

You must deal
With some familiar spirit!

DANASCH.

With many,
Most familiar. He whom you seek is here.

MARZAVAN.

Art thou the man? Some wicked sorcery
Must then have fall'n upon Badoura's eyes!

[CAMARALZAMAN *returns.*

DANASCH.

Why so? I surely am a proper man,
As ever took by storm a lady's sight.

MARZAVAN.

Hideous in mine!

CAMARALZAMAN.

You two are strangely like!

DANASCH.

Well said, my Prince! He sees himself in me,
And, like most men, himself he does not know.
We all are hideous, if turn'd inside out.
Our garments are but mock'ries of ourselves:
We show the embroider'd side unto the world,
Keep the coarse stuff within. But to affairs
Momentous! Brother Marzavan, call back
Your slaves and packages, and by the hand
Take this young Prince—one who is boldly bent,
To try if any place upon the gate
Will fit his head. Of me and my condition,
If either of you would know more, fear not;
You will have opportunity enough—
I'm often at your elbow. Now I go!

CAMARALZAMAN.

How shall I find thee, riddle that thou art?
Thus far thou'st led me well.

DANASCH.

Wait till the end!
I am not difficult to find.—Whene'er,
On holy things intent, you feel a jest
Rise up uncall'd from the dark heart: whene'er,
Amidst emotions strong and fine—love, zeal,
Benevolence, or admiration—comes,
From deep unnoted movements of the soul,

A chilly sneer, blighting the beautiful:
Whene'er, in sorrow, anguish, or remorse,
A mocking doubt of all realities
Known or unknown, o'ershadows thought—
Then know I'm near at hand. To you and all,
I promise I will come, whenever called!

[*Exit.*

MARZAVAN.

The devil, certainly!

CAMARALZAMAN.

Then who art thou,
In garb and form so like? The tale he told
Was strange as my own fate. The nurse's son
Of her I love, Badoura——

MARZAVAN.

That am I!

CAMARALZAMAN.

Skill'd in deep arts, and mysteries hardly holy,
Learn'd in far travel over distant lands,
Yet loving, with a brother's fondest love,
And subject's reverence, his royal lady——

MARZAVAN.

A copy strangely like! What was the name
He gilded with these virtues?

CAMARALZAMAN.

Marzavan!

MARZAVAN.

My own! Enough, enough! This is some spirit—
Evil I do believe—but let us not
Inquire more closely—no, nor fear results.
O'er ultimate fate and man's high destiny,
No wicked things have power.
Though devils tempt, and ills beset us sore,
Though frail and faulty, feeble, wav'ring, blind,
Man's heart, with Heaven's high help, and trust in God,
Shapes out the end aright; and evil beings,
Although they purpose ill, full often work
The good of those they hate.
(*One of his slaves returns and approaches him.*)
What wouldst thou now?

SLAVE.

The goods are all upon the shore. The ship
But waits your embarkation.

MARZAVAN.

Bring all back!
I will not sail to-day. Methinks I've found,
Before I gave the canvas to the gale,

The gem I went to seek. Come, sir, with me;
Abide in my poor house awhile; and then
We'll talk the past and future o'er together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The court of the EMPEROR, (BADOURA'S *father.*) *The* EMPEROR, *attended. A door-way, covered with rich curtains, in the back scene.*

EMPEROR, (*to an officer.*)

So young say you he is?

OFFICER.

Two years ago,
His upper lip, I'll swear, was soft and smooth
As a young girl's; and even now, the down
Which makes it somewhat blacker than his brow,
Would hardly tickle a fair lady's cheek,
If press'd upon it gently.—But he's wise—
So Marzavan assures—beyond his years.

EMPEROR.

And handsome say you?

OFFICER.

Sir, the features all
Are chisell'd fine, as if a sculptor's hand
Had been employed by nature, copying
A dream of angels.

EMPEROR.

Ah, would to Heaven
Officious Marzavan had never brought him
Into the deadly peril that he seeks!
I am not cruel, and my heart revolts
At all this bloodshed.—Yet my vow! my vow!

OFFICER.

Change then the hard decree, Imperial Lord!
Let the youth try his art: and if he fail—
'Tis but to pardon him. Mercy's power
Is ever in your breast. He who can slay
Can spare!

EMPEROR.

No!—Every head upon the gates
Would cry out murder 'gainst me, if one jot
Of the decree, by which so many suffered,
Were chang'd for one advent'ring like themselves.
Go, give him entrance! Let him live or die.
The same chance other men have had, has he.

(*Exit Officer.*)

I dare not break mine oath, so sternly kept
Up to this hour.

Enter CAMARALZAMAN, OFFICER, *and* MARZAVAN.

EMPEROR, (*aside.*)

So fair, so young, so noble!—
(*Aloud.*) Welcome, Sir!—and yet not welcome either.
You're in life's spring, when all its sweets are sweetest;
And in your face—as in a book, inscrib'd
With characters most legible—I read
High thoughts and feelings generous—
All in the bud, perhaps; but with long life,
Those buds will blossom, and bear wholesome fruit,
Blessing your fellow men. Be counsell'd, then—
Forbear your enterprise!—A stream of blood
Flows cross the threshold of that curtain'd door.
Your own may swell the tide; for be you sure
My fatal vow—though rashly sworn, perchance—
Must still be kept—with eighteen witnesses
Amongst the dead—and if you fail, you die!

CAMARALZAMAN.

I'm ready for the hazard, mighty Prince.
The fame of your fair daughter's loveliness

Has brought me hither from a distant shore.
Somewhat presumptuous, I may seem—and yet
Not so presumptuous, but my name and state
May plead for my ambition. As for life—
Mere life, I've ever held as something valueless,
Without the attributes that make it bright.
Give love, and hope, and joy, and then this life,
Is like a garden of gay flowers, sweet springs,
And shady groves, where one could dwell for ever:
Take those away, and life becomes a prison,
In which the weary captive pines through hours
Of lengthen'd suffering, and hourly longs,
That all his hours were done.

EMPEROR.

What is your name?
There's something princely in your face and air
I fain would save from death.

CAMARALZAMAN.

Forgive me, sir,
If I withhold name, station, country—all
Which can bequeath a record of my fate
To those might mourn. Then, if I lose the prize,
An unknown stranger passes from the earth,

Unwept, and unremember'd. The brief pang
That ends his mortal life, is all the pain
His high ambition has begot on earth.
Few kings—no conquerors, can say the same.

EMPEROR.

That pang is nothing—but thou hast not read
The gloomy hist'ry of man's death aright.
The beast that dies to be our food—the bird
That quivers in the falcon's grip, feels nought
But fleshly anguish — shrinks from nought but that.
But when man dies, the soul's high qualities,
And all in life that raises o'er the brute,
Add pang to pang, and agony of mind
To the frail body's horror of decease!
The soft companionships—the pleasant sports—
The hopes, the joys, the love, the tenderness,
The dear familiar things of sense, the dreams
Of bright to-morrows, aspirations high,
Pleasant remembrances, and god-like thought,
Die when man dies; and 'tis from this he shrinks.

CAMARALZAMAN.

There is no death for all the better part
Of man's enjoyments; but e'en were it so—
Were there no hopes beyond this bond of earth—
No brighter being promis'd or believ'd,

Yet there are times, when one engrossing passion
Compresses, in its narrow circle, all
That makes life beautiful to common men—
Which, gratified, gives a new life to life,
But, disappointed, leaves existence void
Of all but merely breath. I pray you, sir,
By your own royal word, yield me the trial!
If I succeed, joy shall wipe out all griefs:
And if I fail, let death perform the same.

EMPEROR.

Have, then, thy will!—Draw back the curtains there!

[*The curtains of the back scene are slowly withdrawn, discovering the interior of* BADOURA'S *chamber. The* PRINCESS *seated, with her arm leaning on a table, her hand covering her eyes. On one side her nurse; on the other* DANASCH, *in the dress of an eunuch, whispering to her.*

BADOURA.

I'll follow thine advice! Nor word nor look
Will I bestow on any, till he comes
From that far land, to claim me for his own.

EMPEROR.

My child, Badoura, lo, a stranger—brought
From realms afar, by passion ill conceiv'd

For one so cold—stands here!—Nay, look on
him!
No drugs he brings, no art pretends to use;
But by the force of the strong love within
An ardent heart, is bold that he can bring
The light of reason back into thy brain.
Such is the message that he sent.—Look up;
For he is not unworthy of thine eyes,
Princely in mien, still in youth's brightest hour,
Fair as thyself, and eloquent with love.
Remember that his doom is in thy hands;
For if he fail, he dies. My fatal vow
Makes my heart sick; and I must plead for him.

BADOURA, (*still covering her eyes.*)

Vainly you plead, my father. I will not
Look on a fair thing doomed to early death;
Not I, but you, who wrongly deem me mad,
Give the grave those who madly seek to cure
That which has no existence but in fancy.
Rashly he came: now boldly let him die;
For hopeless is the task he undertakes!

EMPEROR, (*to* CAMARALZAMAN.)

Thy doom is spoken!—Smil'st thou, luckless boy—
Like a child gath'ring flowers upon the verge
Of a stern precipice—with death at hand?

CAMARALZAMAN.

With joy, and hope, and love, I smile! The cure
Already is begun!—Close fast those eyes
That would give too much light!—Utter no word
Lest nightingales should break their hearts!—E'en thus,
With silent lips, and eyelids fast weigh'd down,
I saw thee sleeping in the tower of dreams.

BADOURA, (*starting.*)

Who is it speaks? Surely the eye and ear
Have but one sense! I see—or seem to see,
In those sweet tones, the face of him I love!

CAMARALZAMAN.

Close fast thine eyes, I say! I fain would prove,
If thy heart wakens to the voice of love.

(*Sings.*)

In the night,
By the light
Of the moon,
I made thee mine,
Thou mad'st me thine;
But we parted,
Oh, we parted
All too soon,
In the night,
By the light
Of the moon!

Wilt thou not wake, Badoura?
Sleep'st thou ever so?
Must thy love watch beside thee,
Until morning's glow?

Oh, the night,
By the light
Of the moon,
Is love's own hour,
When kind hearts shower,
Joys that fade,
Joys that fade,
All too soon,
In the night,
By the light
Of the moon.

Wilt thou not wake, Badoura?
Wake, oh, wake, my bride!
Lo! thy ring upon this hand,
And thy lover by thy side!

[BADOURA *starts up, gazes at him, and casts herself into his arms.*

BADOURA, (*sings.*)

Joy! Joy! Joy!
We are re-united!
Who shall sever now,
The love in slumber plighted?

CHORUS.

From the ends of the earth bring the gem, bring the gold,
The ruby of Balaze, the sea's pearly tear!
No, no—leave them there! They are dead, they are cold,
To the gems, to the riches of heart that are here.

The stone of Golconda is rayless as night
To the heart proved in absence, in doubt, and in pain.
To the spirit-tried spirit that won the hard fight,
Compare the pure gold of the mountain in vain.

Bring spices, bring flowers, bring perfume, bring all
That mind can conceive, or that heart can desire!
Take them hence! emblems vain of enjoyments that pall,
And poor to the love that renews its own fire.

THE END.

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